

in the night? had the mass of fire already commenced? After a moment of doubt - the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic stricken during the night - at the very moment that the wall had fallen by an extraordinary accident & left bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the walls as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm: for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

The hand of God, which had sent the ocean & the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

This miraculous deliverance took place on the 3rd. of October, 1574 - a day still commemorated by the citizens.

As ^{a further} proof that God fought for the distressed city, the Dutch historians tell - that the wind from the South-west, which had carried the water up to the wall, after three days, turned to the north-east; & so drove it back again.

To shew his sense of the noble spirit the citizens had shown, the Prince of Orange gave them the choice of two privileges - either an exemption from certain taxes, or an university: they chose the latter, as their university had at that time so great a reputation for learning that

windows, & pushed out over the water of the boundary stream, as if the inhabitants must needs absorb all the vapours & effluvia they can collect out of their abode. If the water were running water - a rill, a "babbling brook" - it would be another affair, but, alas! it is stagnant, mantled over with eternal green, & no screen to save upon, as it is perfectly exposed to the sun. A strange sight it is to see a Dutch family sitting at ease at these open windows, in a wet atmosphere looking perfectly happy in their own way, while they are drowning in death from the heavy evening air, loaded with ague, cramps, & malaria: ~~yet~~ there they sit & smoke, drink beer & tea, through the spring & summer afternoons; taking care however, to escape before the sun goes down.

These little pleasure-houses are so very numerous as to form a characteristic feature of the country. Each villa has some motto inscribed over the gateway, meant to bespeak content & comfort in the part of the owner. A "Pleasure" east, "Not so bad!" This is pleasure indeed. Some of the larger gardens abounding with fruit & vegetables, & beds & borders of flowering plants, are laid out in every grotesque shape. It must be confessed, ~~but~~, that an air of comfort presides over the villas. Most of the dwelling-houses are built

fairly painted in lively colors; all the open
& out-houses are kept in great order; while
the verdant meadows are graced with the proudest
cattle, most speckled flock & swill.

There is little doubt that the taste for cultivating
flowers, especially bulbs, originated in
Holland. The town of Haarlem is still
famous for its hyacinths, tulips, & others
flowers which grow in the utmost luxuriance
& beauty in a sandy soil particularly
congenial to them. The gardens of a great
part of Europe are supplied from the
nursery grounds of Haarlem.

~~The trade in tulips is not what it~~
~~was in the day of the Tulipomania;~~
A hundred florins is now a very large
sum for a bulb: the people were often
willing to spend all they had on a young
single root: ~~At one time~~, we are told,
there were but two roots of a kind of tulip
called Semper Augustus one at Amsterdam,
the other at Haarlem; for one of these were
offered 4000 florins, a new carriage & two
grey horses! ~~It is almost impossible to~~
~~credit such madness~~: the real truth
of the story is, that these tulip roots were
never bought or sold, but that they became
the medium of a kind of gambling. The
bulbs, ~~etc.~~ like the ~~different stocks~~ in
our publick funds, ~~etc.~~ were bought & sold
at ~~different~~ prices from day to day, the
finest tulips all the while ~~never~~ ~~appreci-~~

~~that~~ The very place with few between the
stones of the street had been taken. Janus
was stalking abroad; they could hold out
no longer: the brave garrison determined
to put their women & children in their
midst, & cut their way through the
enemy's camp. The Spaniards, ~~however~~,
~~having heard of this~~ & fearing the effects of
their despair, sent a flag of truce, & offered
pardon & amnesty on condition of the
surrender of the town and of fifty seven
of the chief inhabitants. A hard condition,
but fifty seven devoted citizens freely
gave themselves up: ~~for their~~ The Spaniards,
entitled, the townspeople ~~gave up~~ ^{laid down} their
arms & consented to the promise of their
treacherous foes. Three days passed;
suspicion was railed, when, the cruel
Alex & his son, Ferdinand of Toledo
let loose their bloodhounds on the
unexpecting & unarmed citizens.
The governors & the noble fifty seven
were the first to fall: then, from execution,
were kept at work until two thousand
of the miserable citizens had been inhumanly
butchered in cold blood, hard work
this for the executioners, who flew
away, as they, three hundred of the
remaining victims, tied two & two
were thrown into the lake of Haarlem.
Small

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underfed, profligate, & covetous, the
necessary clothes, provision &
agricultural implements; then he is
compelled to work; those who do not
know now are taught; the wages are
not money, but part the value of
each day's work in food & clothing.
The children are instructed; the
money which is spent on these colonists
in the first place is regarded as a loan;
when they repay which, the land is
their own, & they are free to do what they
like with it; & many of them now have
little farms with comfortable houses &
gardens stocked with flowers & fruit
trees. Thousands of pauper families
have been rescued in this way, but
the work is still carried on by a
Society of Charity, & is not by any
means self supporting.

One of the most interesting spots in
Amsterdam, from the beauty displayed on
it, is the Harbor & the Quay along the waterway
of the Y. There is a class of the population
who live entirely upon the caravels, making
their vessels their home. In this and in
many other respects the Dutch bear a strong
resemblance to the Chinese: like that nation
& economical race, they keep their dogs, their
ducks, & other domestic animals constantly
on board. Yain cabin display, ~~to be made~~

A Dutch Paradise.

Brock (pronounced Broek), celebrated as the cleanest village in the world, is built on the border of a large pond, ^{The inhabitants are} respectable, well-to-do people, who have made their fortune, & retired from business. Some of them are ~~engaged in~~ ^{now} ~~lately~~ ^{now} engaged in the manufacture of those little round cheeses known all over the world as Dutch cheeses, a source of much wealth to North Holland.

There is neither horse nor cart road through the place: the narrow passages which intersect it are paved with bricks or little stones set in patterns. The houses are mostly of wood, very sumptuously painted white or green - always fresh, but some people are said to keep painter, in their houses all the year round. Almost all the houses glisten in the sun with roofs of polished tiles of different colours: one has a pastelboard top, intended to represent a temple, another is painted with such various colours, as to call to mind the dress seen at a theatre; all vie with one another in extravagance & absurdities. Many of them are planted at the edge of canals, & are approached by plank bridges.

A true Sleepy Hollow is Brock: not a soul

Soil is to be seen in the narrow streets, not a door or window is uncolored. No very steps leading up to the front doors are removed, as if there were never to be entered again. The fact is, the good people of Brock do their out-door cleaning long before Layer 40th are astir in the morning. Their windows, their doors, their walls, their steps, the very branches of their trees, the pebbles which form their paths are brought to a high polish; never a cobweb, smear or speck of dust remains upon the face of Brock, & then the housewives retire in doors & are seen no more till next morning.

Another cause why the streets are so still, is that the windows meet the street, & the front doors are never opened save on the entrance of a bride, or the exit of a corpse for burial.

Looked at the back, there are more signs of life: before every ~~the~~ house is a collection of shoes & stockings; you must walk in in your stocking feet, in slippers if you have them, but no displacement from out of doors must enter cross the threshold: even the emperor Meconde, on visiting Brock ^{the valley} ~~was obliged~~ ^{did} to enter as Brock does.

The object then in every house leads to an apartment which is only opened

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once a week by the housewife herself, who enters with her maid, bearing scrubbing brushes & cloths. Then, the shutters are unfastened, the walls & the floor are scoured, the chino cups & tea-pots made, which every ledge & shelf round, are scrupulously cleaned. The stone is polished, the furniture is polished, then, once a year, doors & shutters are closed not to be opened till that day week-sunless, indeed, a wedding should be preferred.

As for the cows, theyodge better than poor people do with us - whether they like it ~~or~~ is another question; for above every stall is a hook, ^{each} ~~at~~ cow's tail is tied to this hook in the ceiling, last - She should dangle it in the dirt & becomeas her comely sides! As for dirt, prompt, when is it to be found? The pavement is of shining Dutch tiles, & the walls, of deal boards, white & smooth as a kitchen-table, to be seen a full six rooms from end to end of the stable, & here the refractory tail might fatten displacement. Then the gardens - such pavilions & arbours & temples & bridges, pyramids & toy houses of every conceivable shape

1891-1892

as never were seen before! Here, we are at
the Sleepy Hollow Inn. You may come
upon a Swiss Cottage in such a man
like something like this, as his wife sits
opposite, spinning - but he is a wooden
man as she is a wooden woman; a
wooden dog barks at the entrance, a
wooden soldier stands ready to shoot
you past the board fence, ducks &
newts & fish swim about the pond.

(unfinished)